

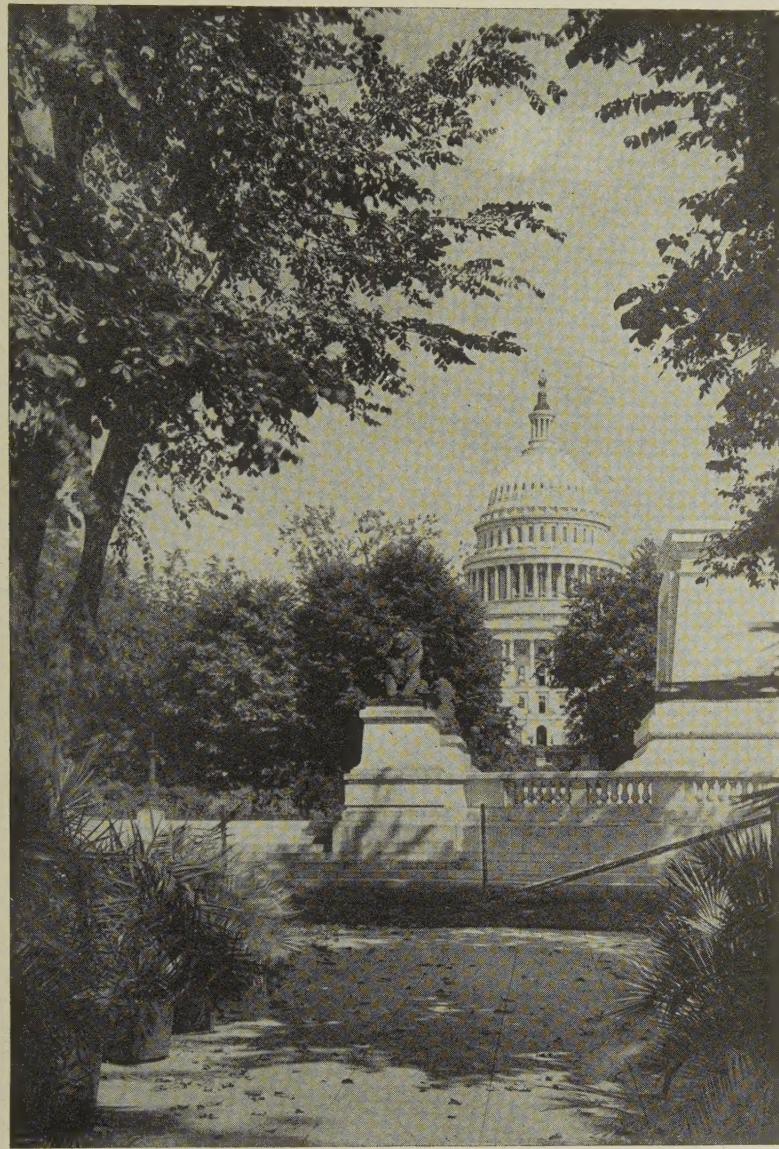
THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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NOVEMBER 12, 1916



THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

The Homes of Congress.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

VISITORS to the Capitol at Washington probably never stop to think but that Congress has always been thus splendidly lodged. The truth is, however, that Congress has had many homes, and at the first was content to be very humbly housed until it grew in magnitude as a legislative body. It will be interesting to the young folks, and perhaps some older ones as well, to glance for a few moments at these early homes of the American Congress.

The first Congress, that historic Congress of 1774, met in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia. The building, a quaint-looking structure built of glazed bricks brought from the mother country, still stands in the Quaker City, and shares equal honor with Independ-

ence Hall. Here Congress convened from September 5 to October 1—four weeks of tumultuous wrestling with the vexing questions of that time. There was no thought then of disloyalty to the mother country. To humbly petition for redress of grievances, and to be united as to what those grievances were, and the proper manner in which to present their remonstrances: these were the principal objects of our first Congress.

In 1775 and 1776 Congress assembled in the State House at Philadelphia, ever since called Independence Hall. It is the center of a line of ancient buildings, called State House Row—a large, two-story building of brick with a steeple and spire. The large eastern room of the lower floor was the one occupied by Congress, and a large collection of Revolutionary relics are gathered there for the benefit of visitors, among which is the

famous bell which once hung in the tower, and which declared the passing of the Declaration of Independence, on that long-ago Fourth of July, 1776.

On the 20th of December, 1776, on account of the approach of the British and Hessians, Congress adjourned to Baltimore. They met in a large building on Baltimore Street, which stood till the time of the great fire in 1904. John Adams says of this building in his Journal: "The Congress sits in the last house at the west end of Market St. [as Baltimore St. was formerly called] on the south side of the street; a long chamber with two fire-places, two large closets and two doors. The house belongs to a Quaker, who built it for a tavern." It was at this place that Congress passed an act declaring Washington in all military matters virtually dictator.

In February, 1777, Congress was back again in Independence Hall, but the following autumn they retired to York, Pa., where they sat from September, 1777, to July, 1778.

The next home of Congress was at Nassau Hall, Princeton, N.J. It was a brick building, and was erected in 1757, and named by Governor Belcher after King William the Third of the house of Nassau. A college of learning, it was used both as a barrack and a hospital as well as the seat of Congress. The hall was destroyed by fire in 1802, but a new building was erected on its site. Congress was in session here till it adjourned Nov. 26, 1783, to meet at the city of Annapolis in Maryland.

The state house in which it met is still standing, but is now surmounted by an elaborate dome. It was in this building that Washington surrendered his commission and command to General Mifflin, the president of that body. Congress assembled here several times, and then for several years it met at Federal Hall, so called, in New York.

Federal Hall was still the home of Congress when our government was organized in 1789, and Washington's first inaugural was delivered from its balcony. The sub-treasury building stands on its site to-day, and a magnificent bronze statue of Washington graces the spot.

In 1791 Congress once more removed to Philadelphia to remain there until it should have a permanent home on the Potomac. It was in 1793, September 18, that Washington laid the corner-stone of the present Capitol building at Washington, D.C. The north wing was ready for occupancy by Congress Nov. 17, 1800. The south wing was finished in 1808, and the House of Representatives convened there till 1814. On August 24 of that year the interior of both wings was burned. The reconstruction of the wings was begun in 1815, and Congress was in session there again in 1817.

The old hall of Congress, now known as the National Statuary Hall, used from 1817 to 1857, is unrivaled in its way. It witnessed the triumphs of Webster and Clay, Randolph and Calhoun, Adams and Corwin, and other leaders of the republic. It is an impressive

Greek chamber of noble dimensions, now adorned with statues of the Nation's most illustrious sons.

An act passed Sept. 30, 1850, provided for the extension of the Capitol. The cornerstone of the extension was laid July 4, 1851, by President Fillmore, and an address was delivered by Daniel Webster. It was finished in 1857, and the noble halls now used by Congress are not surpassed in the world in size or magnificence.

The Oak.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

I KNOW a place where a great oak grows,
Splitting a granite rock in twain;
And oft do I think when I see the oak
Of the mighty rock whose strength was
vain.

An acorn on the wind came down,
Fell in a crevice small and slight;
It sprouted, grew, and with the years
Shattered the rock with its patient might.

And now when men complain and say,
Life is too hard, they can't succeed,
I often wish to say to them,
"To the story of the oak give heed."

For the soul that is brave and strong can
grow
To charm and strength in the barest place;
As the little seed to the great oak grew
Straight and tall on the mountain's face!

King Otto's Search.

BY ELIZABETH GALE.

ONCE there was a young king named Otto and he lived in a beautiful castle on a hill. He was very anxious to have his country governed well, so, one day when he was walking in the castle garden with his three ministers of state, he said:

"I must find a governor for our chief city, some one who is both wise and brave, for he will be surrounded by greedy and wicked enemies who will try to bribe and threaten him into doing favors for them and harm to the city. Now, how am I going to find a man brave enough and wise enough to fill this place?"

"Why, advertise!" cried the three ministers promptly.

And so King Otto advertised. He had placards put up all over the city where every one could see them. They were large square placards bordered with royal purple and gold and printed in scarlet letters which said:

WANTED!
To govern a city
A
WISE and BRAVE
MAN
APPLY
At the castle

Well, the next morning when the king got up and looked out of his bedroom window, as far as he could see every road and path that led up the hill to the castle was crowded with men who were coming to answer the advertisement.

He dressed in a hurry and ran downstairs to breakfast, but he was so eager to meet

this crowd of wise brave people that he did not stop to eat much, but went almost immediately into the royal audience chamber, where all day long the men passed before him and told him what splendid governors they would make. But when he had talked with each one King Otto was discouraged.

"Those who claim to be wise are only conceited, and those who claim to be brave are only boastful," he told his ministers, "and not one man in this great crowd is even half brave or wise enough to govern my city. What shall I do now?"

But before any one of the ministers could think of another plan, the king had an idea himself.

"I know!" he cried. "Let us dress like simple folk and go out among the people who were too modest to answer the advertisement; perhaps among them I shall find a good governor."

So he took off his royal velvet robes and his cap with the long white plume in it, and the ministers took off their rich clothes, and they all put on plain, coarse suits of homespun and started out to tramp through the country.

It was good fun wandering through the fresh green fields and woods and along the pleasant highways, and they often saw men do very brave things. One day they watched a man run into a burning house and carry out two children who had been left there, and when everybody cheered and told him what a fine thing he had done, the three ministers came to the king and said:

"Here is a very brave man. Why not choose him for governor?"

But the king said: "No, there are plenty of firemen in my city; that is not the sort of bravery my governor will need to have."

And one day they saw a man jump into a deep and rapid stream to save a woman from drowning.

"Surely," cried the ministers, "you will not find any man braver than this!"

But the king said, "He is very brave, but a man might govern a city well and not even know how to swim."

And one day they met a man who was so learned that he could speak every language in the world, but he was not wise enough to speak honestly in any of them.

At last as they wandered along they found a tinker sitting at the roadside mending a tin pail, and as he worked he sang this merry song:

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!
How I love to work!
Tra-la-la la-la,
I'll never be a shirk!"

"Ah," said the king, "this man sings wisely. I wonder if he talks as well!" And he sat down beside the tinker and began to ask him questions.

Now, every one in the country knew about the king's advertisement and every one was discussing it. Some said that there were no brave or wise men in the land and the king was foolish to waste any time looking for one, and others thought that any one of a dozen men they could mention among their friends or in their families would make a good enough governor for any city. But almost every one agreed that His Majesty was entirely too particular.

"And what do you think about it?" the king asked the tinker.

"Well," said the tinker, making a funny little face, for he never dreamed that he was talking to the king, "I think it is right to be very careful about choosing a governor,

and I also think that there are plenty of wise and brave men in the country, but King Otto does not seem to know how to find them."

"Do you?" asked Otto.

"Oh, yes," laughed the tinker, "I know just how to go about it, but His Majesty would never carry out my plan because he would have to begin by doing something very foolish."

"What?" asked the king.

"It would not make much difference what, so long as it was foolish enough," chuckled the tinker. "And then, when His Majesty asked the people what they thought of his foolishness, he would soon find out by the answers they gave who the brave and wise ones were."

"Oh," thought the king, "that is a splendid idea!" But he never said a word because he did not want any one to know what he meant to do. He just went quietly home and began to get ready for his birthday party, for he had one every year and it was time for it now.

He always had games and music and lots of good things to eat at the party, and when it was nearly over he would stand up on a high platform and make a speech. Well, this time he had a larger and merrier party than he had ever had before. There were flowers and flags and gay colors everywhere, and everybody wore their best clothes and used their most polite manners. The music was never sweeter and the games never better fun, and everybody wished that the party could last forever. But by and by it was time for the king to make his speech, so he got up on his platform, which was all draped with crimson and cloth of gold, and he said in a loud voice so that all could hear him:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am not going to make a speech to-day, but will do something that you have never seen me do before."

And then the band began to play and he began to turn handsprings and somersaults and walk on his hands and stand on his head, and then when he was tired of doing these he made faces in time to the music. Did you ever try that? It is the silliest thing you ever saw. But when he had finished the people began to applaud and wave their hats and handkerchiefs and shout: "Long live the king! Long live our wonderful king!"

When they had finished shouting Otto asked all of the men to come and tell him what they thought of his performance, so, one by one, they all filed by.

"It was the cleverest thing I ever saw Your Majesty do!" declared the first man; and that made King Otto blush.

"Sire," said the second, "it was magnificent!" And that made King Otto sigh.

"My noble sovereign," said the third, "with your gracious permission, I shall begin to-morrow to practice those wonderful tricks myself." And then King Otto laughed.

And so, each one, as he passed, told the king what he thought would please him most until the last man stood before him. His name was Hans, and he stood there silently until the others had passed on and then he looked straight into the king's eyes and said in a low voice so that no one else could hear him:

"Sire, it grieves me deeply to think that our beloved king could act so very foolishly."

Then Otto grasped both of his hands.

"Oh," he cried, "I have found a man

brave enough to tell the truth even to a king, and wise and loving enough to do it kindly! He shall be my governor!"

And then King Otto had another party and Hans was made governor of the chief city, and ever since that time he has ruled the city well and been one of the king's best friends.

And would you like to know what happened to the tinker who told King Otto how to find his governor? He was given what he wished for most,—the position of first tinker to the king, and now all day long he sits in the pleasant back yard of the castle and sings his merry song while he mends the pots and pans for the cook.

Harold's Adventure.

BY SARA WARD STOCKWELL.

THREE was once a little old lady who lived in a little brown house near a little green wood. All the year round the little wood was green, for in the autumn, when there were no green leaves on the maple and oak trees, there were the green leaves of the evergreen trees.

Many children passed the little brown house, on their way to and from school. Sometimes they stopped to play in the little green wood, and to get a drink from the spring. Often the little old lady walked through the wood, picking up sticks for her fire. Often she went to the spring to get water in her pail. She always carried a big, strong stick, to help her as she walked along.

When the children saw the little old lady picking up sticks, or going to the spring, they were very rude to her.

"Old Mother Witch! Old Mother Witch!" they would cry, until she stopped and shook her stick at them. Then they would laugh and run away as fast as they could. No boy or girl ever dared to go close to the little old lady. They were afraid she would punish them with her big stick, because they had been rude to her.

Harold Stannard was the biggest of all the boys who used to go by the old lady's house and call her "Old Mother Witch." Indeed it was he who first thought of teasing the little old lady. It was he who taught all the other children to call her "Old Mother Witch."

One November afternoon when Harold came home from school his mother said:—

"Aunt Mary was here this afternoon. This is Cousin Ranny's birthday. He is five years old to-day. Aunt Mary said she would like to have you come to her house to supper to-night. Ranny is going to have a birthday cake. Uncle Ralph will bring you home after supper."

"Isn't that jolly!" said Harold.

By the time Harold was ready to go it was beginning to get dark.

"Don't play on the way," said Mother. "Go quickly to Aunt Mary's, so you will get there before dark."

Harold walked fast until he came to the little brown house. Here he left the road, and began to run through the little green wood, because that was the shortest way to Aunt Mary's. Just as he came near the spring he stumbled and fell. He got to his feet, but his ankle hurt him so that he dropped to the ground again.

"Oh, dear," he thought, "I'm afraid I can't walk!"

After a moment he got up and tried to take one step. As he put the hurt foot on



By Harriet E. Williams.

TAKING A LOAD HOME.

the ground the pain grew so bad that he cried out and dropped down again.

"What am I going to do?" he thought.

It was almost dark now, and the wind began to blow through the trees. He might have to stay there all night, he thought. Mother would think he was at Aunt Mary's. Aunt Mary would think he was home. When Uncle Ralph didn't bring him home at bedtime, of course Father and Mother would look for him, but would they ever think of looking in the little green wood? They didn't know the path through the wood was the shortest way to Aunt Mary's. Every minute the pain in his foot grew worse and the wind blew colder. A light shone out from the little brown house. Harold thought of the little old lady. Suppose she should come out with her big stick and find him there! It frightened him so much to think of that that he almost forgot the pain in his foot.

That very minute the door of the little brown house opened, and the little old lady came out. In one hand she carried her pail, and in the other her big, strong stick. She was coming to the spring after water. Nearer and nearer she came. Harold lay very still. He hoped she would not see him. Never had he been so frightened. Now the little old lady was almost close to him. She stopped. Yes, she had seen him. She came close to him.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Are you hurt?"

Harold had never thought the little old lady could have such a kind voice.

"I fell and hurt my foot," answered Harold. "I can't walk."

"That is too bad," said the little old lady.

"Try to get up. There! Now take my stick. We must get you into the house. If I were only big and strong I would carry you in. Now lean on the stick and hop along on your well foot. Here we are, at the door."

She took his arm and helped him up the steps into the little brown house. It was a very nice place, Harold thought. There was a fire and lamplight, a little table with a white cloth, a comfortable couch, and a big rocking-chair. Harold sat in the big rocking-chair while the little old lady bathed his hurt foot in hot water, and bandaged it with a long strip of white cloth. The pain was not nearly so bad now. Harold felt almost comfortable. How kind the little old lady was! He was quite sure she did not know him. She did not know he was the big boy who had called her "Old Mother Witch."

"You must have something hot to drink," said the little old lady, "so you will not catch cold."

She brought him a cup of hot cocoa and some cookies, on a tray.

"Now I will go and tell your father and mother where you are," she said, "so that your father can come and take you home."

She had put on a shawl and was going toward the door.

"But you don't know where I live," said Harold. "You don't know my name."

"Oh, yes, I do," answered the little old lady. "You are Harold Stannard. I see you every day on your way to school. And I know where you live, too."

She was gone the next minute, leaving Harold feeling very much ashamed. So she had known all the time! And she had been



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

WOLLASTON, MASS.,
231 So. Central Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Wollaston. Our minister's name is Rev. Carl G. Horst. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I enjoy reading *The Beacon*. I am nine years old. I have a sister whose name is Virginia.

Yours sincerely,
DOROTHY BRIGGS.

BELMONT, MASS.,
37 Marion Road.

Dear Miss Buck,—We are three friends and enjoy reading *The Beacon*. We go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Cambridge. Mr. Rutledge is our minister. We would like to join the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
ETHEL JONES.
(Age 13.)

DOROTHY M. FRENCH.
(Age 11.)

MARION JONES.
(Age 10.)

LACONIA, N.H.,
86 Grant Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a member of the Unitarian church in Laconia. I like it very much. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and would like to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
DORIS DURGIN.

so kind! Well, he would show her, after this!

It was two weeks before Harold could walk again. On the very first day that he went to school he carried a basket of fruit to the little old lady. That afternoon, when he was coming home from school he told the other children how he had been hurt, and how kind the little old lady had been.

"We didn't know she was a kind old lady," the other children said.

"I'm never going to let anybody call her 'Old Mother Witch' any more," declared Harold. "And when I meet her I'm always going to take off my hat."

Sunday School News.

A METHOD of encouraging membership in the Beacon Club, used in our Sunday school at Madison, is commended. Whenever a member of the school has a letter in the Club Corner, or gets his name in the list of members, the fact is announced from the desk and the Secretary reads the letter to the school. The Superintendent plans to print the names of all the Club members on the blackboard for the school to see. Perhaps other superintendents will like also to have the news from schools which appears here read to their school, especially when it would interest the children or has a neighborhood interest.

An institute for training Sunday school officers and teachers was held in Cincinnati, beginning October 13, under the auspices of the First Congregational (Unitarian)

HUBBARDSTON, MASS.
Dear Miss Buck—We have a Unitarian Sunday school in Hubbardston and I go every Sunday.

We receive *The Beacon* every week and enjoy it very much.

My teacher's name is Miss Bertha Bennett.

I would like very much to belong to the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
WINFRED CROCKETT.

MIDDLEBORO, MASS.,

32 Frank Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school and our minister's name is Rev. Louis Walker. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I am nine years old and would like to join the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
ALTON BAILEY.

MIDDLEBORO, MASS.,

81 Everett Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a member of the Unitarian Sunday school. I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club. I would like very much to have you send me a button.

Yours truly,
JAMES T. CARTER.

WOLLASTON, MASS.,

231 So. Central Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Wollaston. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday. My sister sent a letter to-day.

Yours truly,
VIRGINIA BRIGGS.
(Age 7 years.)

Church and St. John's German Evangelical Church. Mrs. T. H. Marshall of Rochester, N.Y., was chief lecturer. There were conferences led by representatives of the various schools, and model lessons. An exhibit of modern Sunday school publications and materials for expressional work was held during the entire institute. Attendance of delegates was secured from many churches, including some as far away as Louisville and Indianapolis.

The report comes from the Church of the Messiah, St. Louis, that attendance at the opening session of the Sunday school was this year larger than usual. All the classes are provided with efficient teachers, and the school has the assistance of an Alliance committee of two members.

She Would not Call Names.

THE county superintendent of schools, Miss Whitehead (whose hair was almost white), was paying a visit to a country school. At the close of the school, when the children went trooping out, each one said, "Good-by, Miss Whitehead!" But one little girl, with red hair, said nothing, and hung her head. As she was about to pass, Miss Whitehead put out her hand and said:—

"Nellie, are you not going to say good-by to me, as the others have?"

"No, I'm not," answered Nellie. "I know what it is to be called 'Miss Redhead,' and I'm just ashamed of the others."—*Youth's Companion*.

ENIGMA XV.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 6, 5, 15, 14, brings news.
My 10, 5, 16, 13, is to grade.
My 4, 11, 6, is something children like.
My 9, 5, 6, 7, 3, 2, is a lack of food.
My 9, 10, 5, 12, 13, is a boy's name.
My 1, 11, 8, 13, is a place of saving.
My whole is a great American.

RUTH M. TURNER.

ENIGMA XVI.

You must be 6, 10, 10, 8, 9, 10, 4, 5, 1,
And continue so until your work is done;
Its 8, 2, 3, 6, 7, then, I'll be bound,
You'll own that it's equal all the world round.
Its 5, 4, 7, 8, is always very impure,
Its 10, 6, 3, 9, 10, we cannot endure.
My whole is coequal with all that I've said.
Now tell me the word, when this you have read.
Selected.

WORD SQUARE.

1. By all 'tis worn throughout the land.
2. Here you will find the great, the grand.
3. By aid of these your bread is made.
4. Plant them with care within the shade.
5. A German province last parade.

The Church Standard.

HIDDEN BOOKS.

1. Mac bet him that Alfred would win.
2. Vital is man's heart, the pumping station of his body.
3. Madam, be devoting your time to this boy.
4. Biddle's miserable son has turned thief.
5. I think I will sketch Booker's pasture this morning.
6. Here comes Mr. Jerome! O! and Julie Turner, too!
7. "I," said the fish, "am letting men use me for food."
8. Munro, broyn is the obsolete variant of brine.

DOROTHY F. CARY.

TWISTED TREES.

1. Chrib.	6. Rapolp.
2. Emlap.	7. Hitwc Elazh.
3. Utlawn.	8. Rihkocy.
4. Rutetbutn.	9. Nepca.
5. Ectunsth.	10. Nacasit.

DOROTHY DE COSTER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 5.

ENIGMA X.—William Bradford.
ENIGMA XI.—Washington Irving.
ENIGMA XII.—Evangeline.

A BIBLICAL CHARADE.—Darius (Day, rye, us).

DIAMOND.—

C
T O P
C O R A L
P A R
L

Answers to puzzles have been sent by Cornelia Sprink, Delawanna, N.J.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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